

[24/06/08][21:25:45] -

Title: *a formal note*

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Labeled simply

Dearest Bailos

I applaud you who have found me. If you are reading this, it's most likely over my dead corpse. No worries, no hard feelings. To say I am old would be an understatement and I am long last due for a rest.

I bare no grudge, no hard feelings. You've bested me. No doubt by sheer numbers.

I posses something the others do not, whimsy! But, to save the space, I'll get to why you've know doubt come.

In my life, I was a cultist of Mephael. We made our home deep in the ruins of his barrow. I studied much during my time there before my soul was ripped from my body. The Underking blessed me, though, no doubt, and as I hope I have proven to you with my glowing corpse, His Blessing was powerful.

As in keeping with the tradition, I am supposed to reveal my secrets to the one who killed me. However, I have no doubt that you cheated and

brought friends, or that I
wont be needing this note
and I would have had it
burning in the fire while I
sipped a glass of your
blood. But no, I won't
reveal my secrets.

I know the ways of the
world and my eyes and
ears are many. I knew
of your coming for
several weeks now.
However, I know who can
help you.

All will be revealed to
you after you slay my
rival. Viktor Flamburgh.
He was a dear friend in
life, but a condescending
and cold tyrant in his
undead.

Viktor, is much more
straight laced than
myself. He will tell you
everything you need to
know. What's that?
You don't know where he
is? Haha...I can't help
you there.
The leads will come, young
ones, the leads will come.
Have faith and...'keep
looking up'. As a long
dead, but once wise
scholar told me. When
pressed between a rock
and a hardplace, wherever
there's a will, there is a
way.

My final hint to you:
Where the light shines
brightest is often cast
the darkest shadows.